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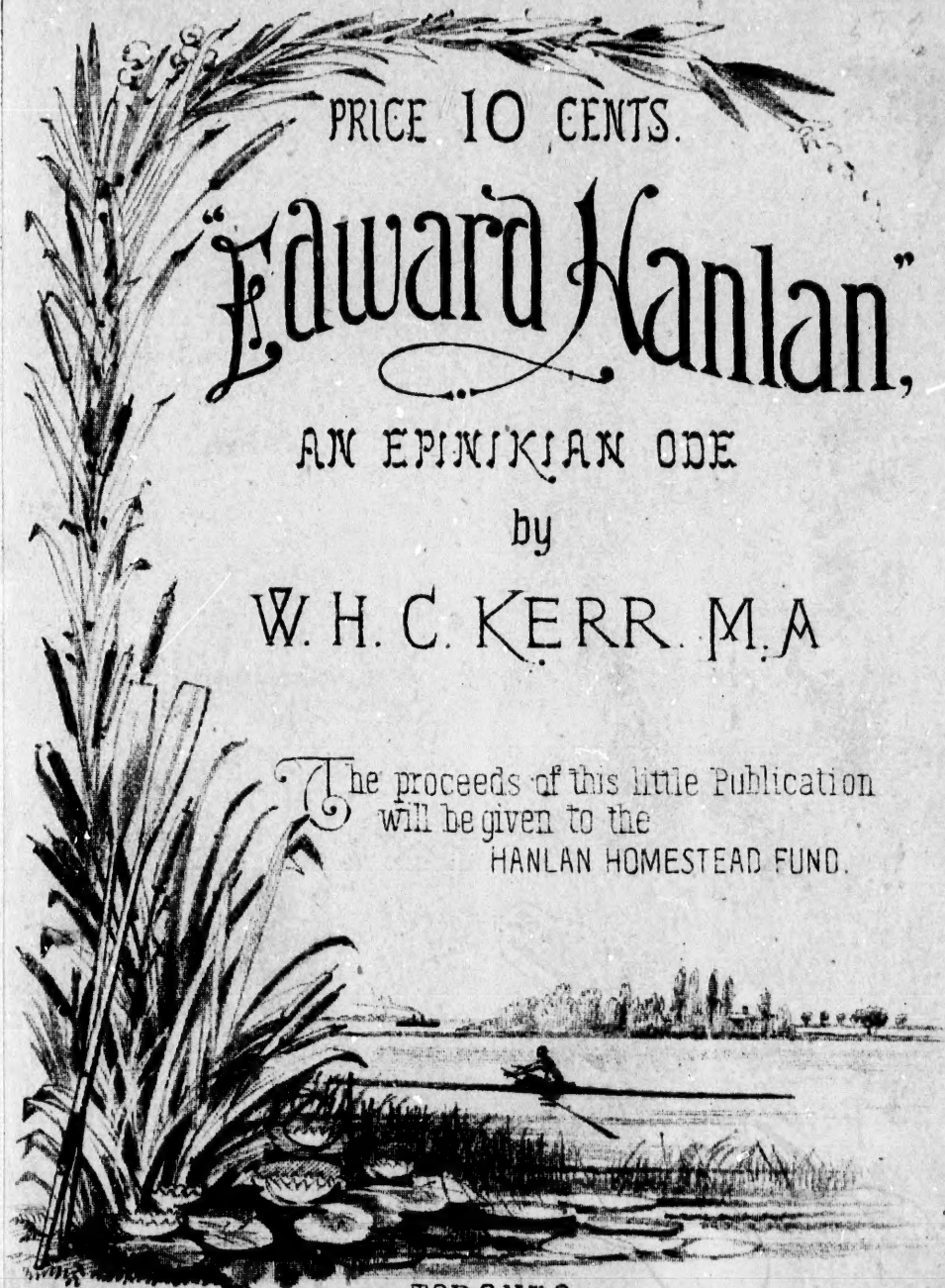
"Edward Hanlan,"

AN EPINKIAN ODE

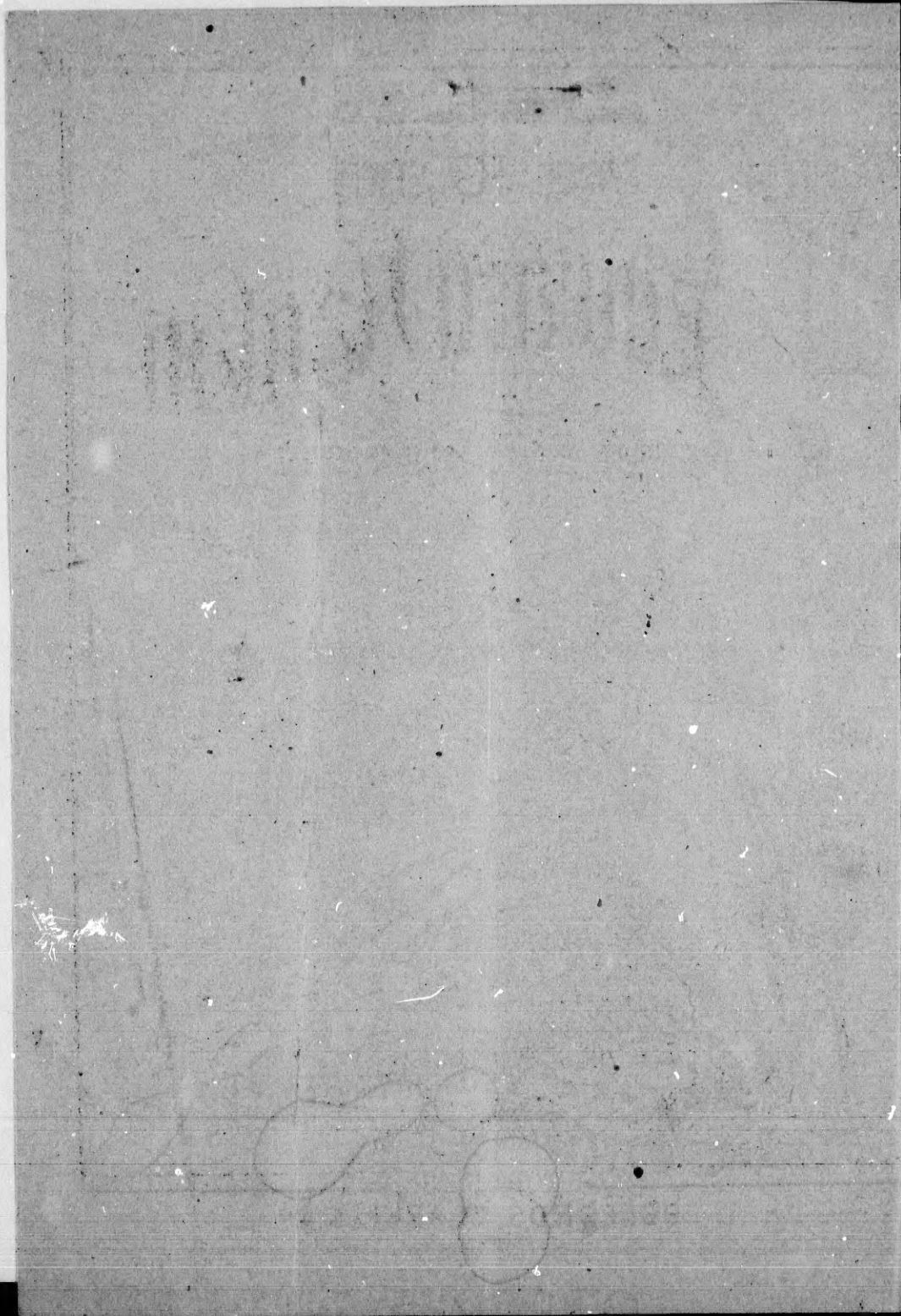
by

W. H. C. KERR. M.A

The proceeds of this little Publication
will be given to the
HANLAN HOMESTEAD FUND.



TORONTO,
BELFORDS, CLARKE & CO
1879



To

His Excellency

The Governor General

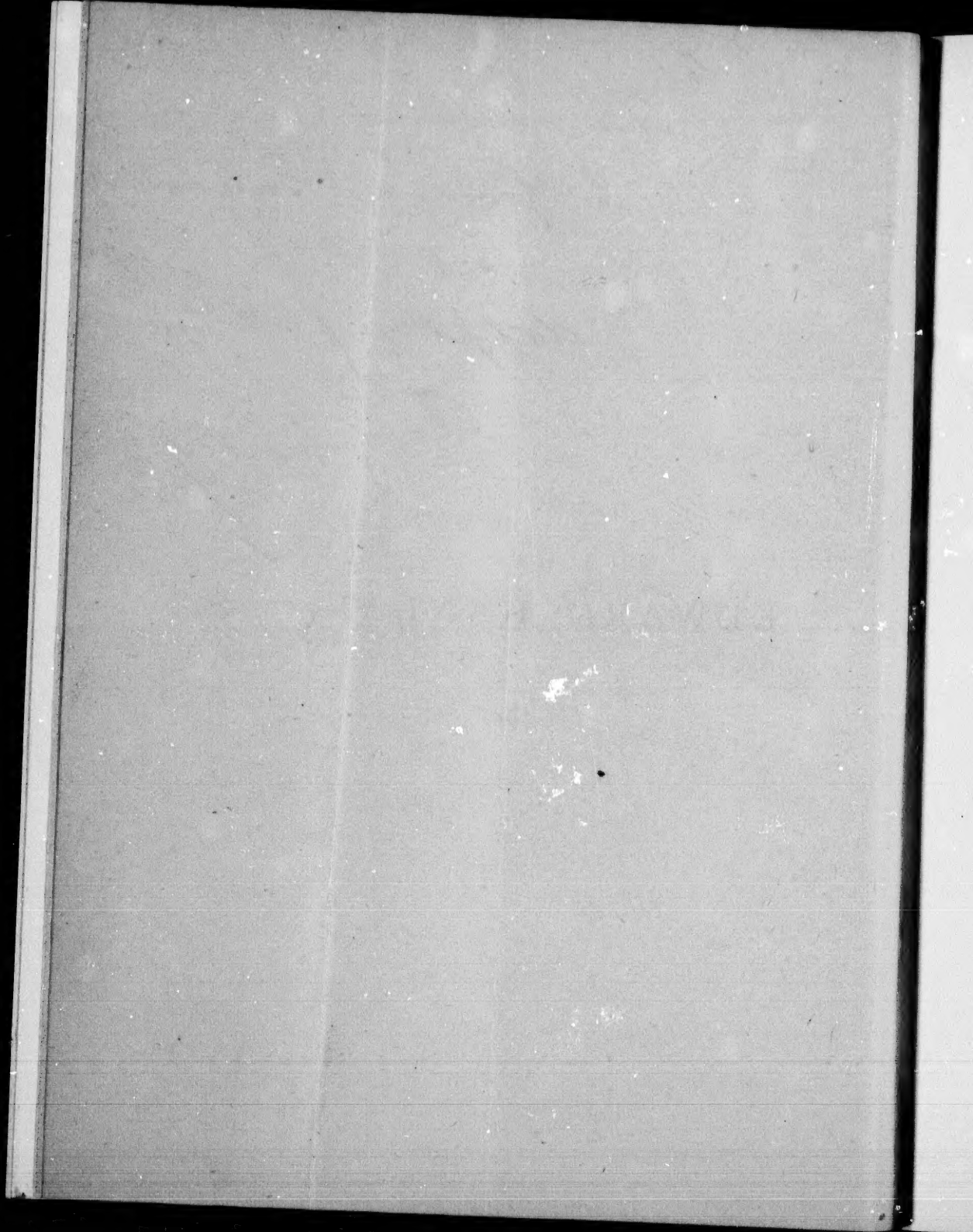
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deepest respects

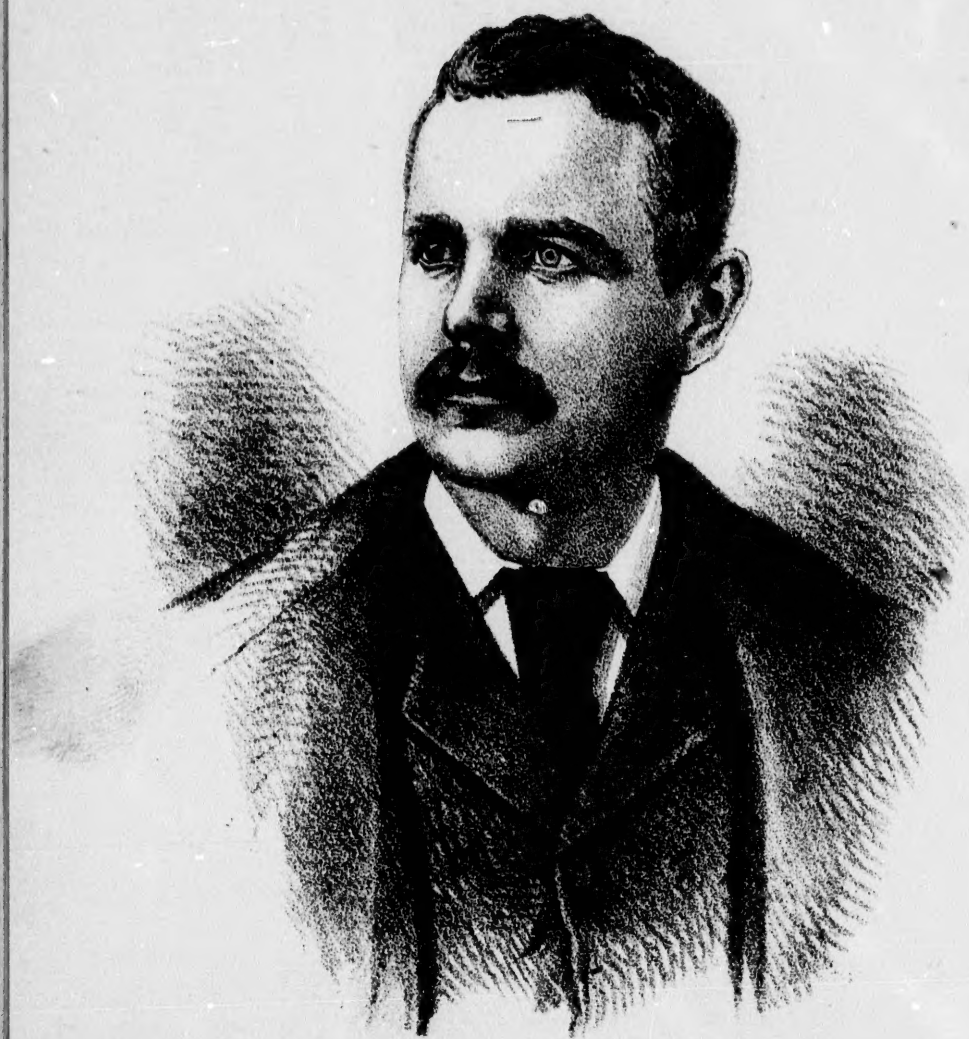
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Writer of
the /ade

EDWARD HANLAN.







Edward Hanlan

EDWARD HANLAN.

A LAY OF YOUNG CANADA.

BY

W. H. C. KERR, ESQ., M.A.,

Barrister-at-Law.

ὁ νικῶν δὲ λοιπὸν ἀμφὶ βίον
ἔχει μελιτόεσσαν εὐδίαν
ἀέθλων γ' ἔνεκεν.

—"and the conqueror passes the remainder of his life
In delightful repose: the Champion's meed."

PINDAR, Olympic Odes.

TORONTO:

BELFORDS, CLARKE & CO., PUBLISHERS.

1879.

1879

(99)

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C. B. ROBINSON,
PRINTER,
JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

TO
ALL LOVERS OF
AQUATIC AND MANLY SPORTS
IN THE DOMINION
THIS ODE
IS
INSCRIBED.



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P R E F A C E .

THE popularity of the Canadian champion oarsman, whose worthy deeds this Epinikian ode unworthily records, is well attested by the fact, that all who have had any part in placing this little memorial of his exploits before the public have contributed their valued services gratuitously.

Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co. kindly furnish the cover, Messrs. Brown Bros. the binding, and C. B. Robinson, Esq., the composition, free ; while the enterprising publishers, who, without my knowledge, secured all this assistance, voluntarily agreed to devote the entire proceeds of the publication to the Hanlan Homestead Fund. The Toronto News Company have also kindly undertaken its circulation without charge.

In tendering my grateful acknowledgments to all these

firms, I indulge the hope that the object, which so readily commended itself to their good offices, may secure for this little book an unprecedented sale, and so, in an incidental way, assist in enlisting the sympathies of the Canadian public in behalf of a Fund, which ought, in some adequate way, to represent the goodwill of the nation for a youth who has certainly deserved well of his country.

W. H. C. KERR.

THE CEDARS,
Brantford, *July 1st, 1879.*



HANLAN'S RECORD.

EDWARD HANLAN was born at Toronto, July 12, 1855, and while quite young was taken by his parents to the Island opposite the city, where his father opened a hotel, and where the family have ever since resided. He is 5 ft. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in height. His first appearance in a race was made when he was sixteen years of age, when he formed one of a crew composed of fishermen. In the following year he figured as a successful competitor in a couple of skiff races, and in 1873 first rowed a race in a shell, the contest being for the amateur championship of the Bay. He was again victorious, defeating Sam Williams and McKen. Next year he met Thomas Loudon in a race for the championship of Burlington Bay, this being his initial professional engage-

ment. The result added another to his list of victories. Louden challenged him to row another race, over a mile course, for \$100 dollars a side, in the summer of 1875, and they met on Toronto Bay, Hanlan again showing himself to be the better man, as he won by nearly two lengths. During the same season he won a medal offered by the Governor-General in a two-mile pull at Toronto, defeating Louden and James Douglas. In the spring of 1876 he vanquished Douglas and Wm. McKen, and on August 12th following became possessed of the belt emblematic of the championship of Ontario, offered by the Toronto Rowing Club, his only opponent being McKen. At this regatta Hanlan likewise won a fisherman's race, three pairs of sculls, his partners being McKen and Elliot, and the craft engaged being boats actually in use that summer. All of these races were of minor importance, however, and the reputation they brought was but local. It remained for Hanlan to give the rowing world a startling surprise at the Centennial regatta on the Schuylkill River, when his name became known on both sides of the Atlantic, through the ease with which he won the first prize in the professional regatta, defeating Harry Coulter, Pat Luther,

Plaisted, and easily disposing of Alex. Brayley in the final heat, which was rowed in 21:09½—the best three-mile time on record until Courtney cut down the figures last year. In March, 1877, the Secretary of the Ontario Rowing Club forwarded to the *Clipper* Office one hundred dollars in gold as a deposit for a proposed match between Hanlan and Billy Scharff (then champion), to row three miles, for \$1,000 a side, on Toronto Bay; but as Scharff had just made a match with Eph. Morris, the challenge from the the Canadian was not accepted. Hanlan next appeared at the regatta held at Silver Lake, near Boston, Mass., June 13th, when he was defeated by Fred. Plaisted, Frenchy Johnson, and others, owing to a mishap in the shape of an injured outrigger. On June 25th another regatta was held on the same water, when Hanlan won first prize, beating Johnson and Driscoll, Plaisted not starting. The Kanuck next took part in the scullers' race at the Boston Fourth-of-July regatta, and was ruled out for fouling Plaisted, whom he ran into at the turning stake. His conduct on this occasion gave great offence to the regatta officials, who subsequently passed a resolution recommending that in future Hanlan be debarred from participation in all

races under municipal management. This action was, however, upon appeal from Hanlan himself, and through representations of gentlemen who had taken him in hand after his return to Canada, reconsidered, and the bar against him removed. After the victory of Ross over Brayley in the fastest time on record for four miles, the Toronto sculler published a challenge to Ross, whose backers were not prepared to talk business on this basis. However, Wallace's defeat of Plaisted, coupled with the indifferent performances of Hanlan at Boston and vicinity, inspired them with greater confidence, and about the middle of August Ross came out with a challenge to row any man in the Dominion, Hanlan preferred, a five-mile race for \$1,000 a side, offering to give or take \$300 for expenses, to row at St. John, N.B., or Toronto, or to row at Springfield, Massachusetts, each paying his own expenses. This suited Hanlan, and articles were signed to contend for \$1,000 a side. They pulled the race on Monday afternoon, Oct. 15th, on Toronto Bay, five miles, one turn, for \$2,000 and the championship of the British Provinces, the result being a very hollow victory for Hanlan, who was the non-favourite, but easily rowed away from his man. Wednesday afternoon,

May 15th, the sculling match between Hanlan and Fred. A. Plaisted, of New York city, for \$1,000 a side, was decided over a straight-away two-mile course on Toronto Bay, the former again achieving a hollow victory. No official time was taken, and the reports estimated it all the way from 13:14 to 15:12. On June 20th the race between Hanlan and Evan Morris, of Pittsburg, for the championship of America, five miles, was decided on the Alleghany River, and proved an easy victory for the former. Hanlan's next event was his second match with Wallace Ross, which, after repeated postponements, came off on the Kennebecasis course on July 31st last. At the first mile stake Ross fell overboard, and left the race a walk over for the Toronto champion. The race was for \$1,000 a side, five miles with a turn. Two weeks after, on August 12th, Hanlan was first in the professional scull race, four miles, \$1,000, of the Barrie Regatta Club, rowed on Kempfenfeldt Bay, Wallace Ross taking second money, and George H. Hosmer, of Boston, third. The contestants who failed to get a place were Pat Luther, McKen, Elliot, Plaisted, Morris, and Coulter. His next contest was that at Lachine, in which he defeated Charles E. Courtney, the Union Springs sculler.

The event, which took place on the 3rd of October last, created a great deal of excitement because of the fame attaching to both contestants. The race was a keen one and resulted in favour of Hanlan; time 36 min. 22 sec.; distance five miles. But Hanlan's as yet greatest victory—although it was a very easy one—was that rowed with John Hawdon, of Delaval, on the Tyne, on the 5th of May last. The Toronto boy on that occasion came in as he pleased, his time being 32 min. 5 sec. He was five lengths ahead at the close, but he might have led by half a mile if he had been so inclined.

The preceding account of Hanlan's career is taken from the *Toronto Globe*, and appeared in that journal, after the race with Hawdon. Since that time the race for the Championship with Elliott, of Blyth, has been rowed and won. This occurred on the 16th of June, 1879, over the Tyne Course, and as the circumstances connected with it have been fully reported in the public prints, and are so recent, it will be sufficient to record here the main features of the race.

Never before were the Tyne's banks so crowded,

on the occasion of an aquatic contest, with interested spectators, as on the morning of the 16th of June last, when Hanlan and Elliott contended for the *Sportsman's* Cup and the Championship of England. Long before daybreak the sport-loving people of Newcastle and vicinity had taken their stations, where each for himself expected to witness the most interesting features of the contest. As the day advanced, trains from all directions deposited their living freight by thousands, and all the avenues leading to the river, or commanding a view of the course were blocked with dense masses of spectators, while every available steamer, and every species of floating craft crowded with visitors, made the navigation of the river a somewhat difficult affair. Both men were in rare trim for the contest, and both were equally confident of success. The odds which had all along been largely in favour of Hanlan grew less and less as the hour for the race arrived, the Tynesiders betting freely in small sums on their champion, whom they believed invincible. A little after twelve o'clock the contestants took their places, and shortly afterwards a fair start was made and the race began. Hanlan's bark *Toronto* led the way from start to finish. He pulled that same strong and

long stroke which has so often deceived his opponent and decided the contest in his favour. Rowing ahead, as is his wont, he eased off from time to time until Elliott's craft lessened the distance between them, and then with a few powerful strokes drew quickly ahead. Elliott rowed in magnificent form, and struggled manfully to the close. But it was all in vain. Hanlan won by eleven boat lengths, the course having been rowed over in 55 seconds less than the fastest time on record. The victory was a decisive one, and with that generous spirit which animates the British nation the Canadian victor was everywhere received with enthusiasm. In its graphic account of the race, the *Newcastle Chronicle* concludes as follows:—

“Our best sculler has been beaten by a better man, and we must be content with rejoicing at the fact that the conqueror, although born beyond the Atlantic, is of the same race as ourselves, and is a citizen of the same vast Empire. Canada has reason to be “proud of her boy,” and we doubt not that people of the New Dominion will realize the full significance of the victory that their representative sculler has achieved, and will rejoice accordingly.”



EDWARD HANLAN.

—
AN EPINIKIAN ODE.
—

I.

HAIL to the champion sculler!
Toronto's manly son,
Who, across the line, and on the Tyne,
Hath famous victories won!
And with three cheers for Hanlan,
The champion of the oar,
Let us shout, Hurrah for Canada!
The land which such hero bore.

II.

In ancient Greece the victor,
Who at Olympia strove,
Was crowned with wreaths of olive
In Jove's all-hallowed grove ;
His person was held sacred,
Kings his companions were ;
And envied the fate of the happy state
Which claimed him for its heir.

III.

At Pytho and at Corinth,
The athlete's prize who won,
Shed glory on his country,
His kindred, and his town ;
His statue in the temples,
In ivory and gold,
By the side of gods and heroes
The gymnast's prowess told.

IV.

Returning to his people
Fresh bays the conqueror waits ;
The city battered down its walls
To make him wider gates,
And joyous crowds in triumph
The champion bore along,
While a Pindar sang his praises
In loftiest strains of song.

V.

But no victor at Olympia,
Nor by the Isthmian strand,
Ever received such welcome
On reaching his own land,
As that awaits the champion
Who ploughs the Atlantic's foam,
With impatient keel and heart right leal
Returning to his home ;

VI.

Save that no worthy poet
For him shall wreathe a lay,
Since none with equal laurels
Such victor garland may.
He won at the Centennial,
And by Ohio's waves,
And where the Eastern river
Past Hampton seaward raves.

VII.

Toronto, Pittsburg, Barrie,
The City, "Quaker" hight,
And the lovely Bay of Burlington
Bear witness of his might.
He won in every contest,
At each regatta won,
Till at Lachine he overcame
Columbia's foremost son.

VIII.

Now, shame on the foul slander
Of those who meanly tried,
At Courtney's cost to pander
To a boastful people's pride;
For Courtney was defeated,
Not for the want of will,
Nor by the bribe of treason,
But by superior skill.

IX.

From sea to sea victorious,
He left his home a while,
To gather bays more glorious
In Britain's sea-girt isle ;
And how he played with Hawdon,
And how sponged out his shell,
With tears of mirth and laughter,
The Tyneside pitmen tell.

X.

Last, matched with England's champion,
On Tyne's excited tide,
To see his daily practice
They flocked from far and wide ;
Each touting wharfside ranger
The mystic magic sought,
Which the Canadian stranger
Had lurking in his boat :

XI.

With air-bags and machinery,
The miners stoutly held,
Or by some secret influence,
His skiff must be propelled ;
For never such a sculler,
Of form so lithe and fine,
Or such modest mien, had yet been seen
On the Thames, or on the Tyne.

XII.

But no man knows save Hanlan,
If even Hanlan knows,
How fast his bark can travel
When at his best he rows :
Like the flight of an eagle's pinions,
When to the sun he soars,
Is the graceful sweep and powerful stroke
Of his well-feather'd oars.

XIII.

Now, not a few such striplings
This broad Dominion rears ;
Since Wallace Ross and Warren Smith
Are well nigh Hanlan's peers.
Girded with North-star vigour,
And nurtured by the sea,
By mountain, lake and river,
A hardy brood they be.

XIV.

West of the Rocky Mountains,
Such youth you may behold
Braving the Fraser's rapids,
In venturous quest of gold ;
And where Muskoka's camp-fires
Cast up a ruddy glare ;
Where Madawaska's springtide floods
Their floating forests bear ;

XV.

Where Montmorenci's bridal veil
Its shower of pearls displays ;
And where thro' mountain-gorges green
The Metapedia strays.
These eastward turned and waited
Impatient for the day,
When their compatriot might win
Tyne's championship away.

XVI.

The day has come! From midnight
Until the dawn broke clear,
Crowds lined the banks in serried ranks
And every wharf and pier;
With craft of all descriptions
The river was alive;
Each bridge with human beings
Swarmed like a great bee-hive.

XVII.

The champions take their stations,
Promptly each takes his place,
In the sight of all the nations
Of the Anglo-Saxon race.
“Now, three to one,” roared Elliott,
“That I lead all the way!”
And his stalwart arm and lusty form
Might feebler foe dismay.

XVIII.

Such challenge disregarded
Might not unnerve the youth,
Whose speech on the unwon victory
Was written out, good sooth !
The boast was scarcely uttered,
“ They’re off ! ” the umpire cried,
And away they sped, but Hanlan led
With oars superbly plied.

XIX.

Like arrow from the bowstring,
Swiftly he sped along
Past Grindstone Quay, past Redheugh Bridge
And all the astonished throng,
Past the meadow-isle, whose human tides,
Like billows, sway and roll,
And by ten good lengths a winner,
Swept gaily past the goal.

XX.

Then from the river's crowded banks,
From roof-top, bridge, and pier,
Thrice thirty thousand lusty throats
Sent up a mighty cheer ;
And many a British city
Caught up the wild acclaim,
And the Western world from sea to sea
Resounded with his fame.

XXI.

And while St. Lawrence to the Gulf
Majestic takes his way ;
While through the Thousand Islands
His sunlit waters play ;
While soft auroras chase the stars
Athwart our Northern skies ;
While Indian summer tints the woods
With iridescent dyes ;

XXII.

While the maidens shall weave chaplets
In Huron's maple dells ;
While o'er Rimouski's jewelled snows
Shall ring the Christmas bells ;
While great Niagara's thunder-stroke
Th' affrighted rocks shall shake ;
While the long moonbeams nightly play
Across Ontario's lake ;

XXIII.

While Ottawa, from storied cliff,
Uplifts her crown of towers ;
While modest merit still shall charm
This Canada of ours ;
So long in distant story,
As time rolls on apace,
Shall it be told by young and old
How Hanlan won the race.

XXIV.

Now three good cheers for Hanlan !
Our flag to the breeze unfurl'd,
For the Champion of two continents,
The champion of the world !
And three times three for Canada,
Land of the brave and free,
The youngest of the nations :
The Home of Liberty.



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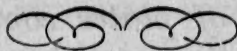
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